

THE CENSOR.

No. 10.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 10TH, 1829. [3d.

"I have sent the Book according to your commands; I should have sent it, if you
"had not commanded me."—*Pliny the Younger.*

Noctes Censoriae.

SCENE—*Dalrymple's Chambers in the Albany.*

*Vyse, Fuller, and Dalrymple taking their wine. Secretary
(Charles Herring) present.*

Ful. What, Vyse, not recovered yet from the fatigue of the 8th of December.

Vyse. Scarcely, Haller: I am certainly not fit for terrestrial occupation;—to be sure our entertainment was in every respect enchanting, and seemed more the effect of idea than reality; but still the situation was one of intense anxiety, and my nerves are unfortunately incapable of the least exertion. Besides, when I had completely identified myself with the enchantment around me, that execrable fellow, Rusticus, by his untimely interruption, dissolved the heavenly state of harmony to which I had tuned my mind, and, in a moment, reduced me to a discordant conviction of dull mortality.—The cruel shock of contrast was too distressing; it almost proved my annihilation.

Dal. Indeed! poor fellow! (*Rising.*) Mr. Bertie Vyse, permit me to express my abomination of this ridiculous affectation of intense refinement and sensibility; as for your nerves, *they* are "the effect of idea," if you please, 'tis your *vanity*, perhaps, is somewhat hurt by the superiority of our friend Sforza. You are quite disgusting.

Vyse. (*Rising.*) Mr. Haller Cust Dalrymple, this is a style of language which Bertie Vyse cannot listen to with patience; such abuse would exasperate a fawn.—Sir, were it not beneath the character of a gentleman, I would condescend to chastise you—personally—on the spot. Positively, I'm enraged.

Dal. Where's all your refinement now, Bertie? where's your sensibility? sit still, for heaven's sake; don't agitate your poor nerves. A mirror, Mr. Herring; let Mr. Bertie Vyse see that he has allowed the elegance of his deportment to be deranged;—that the benign expression of his countenance is transformed into a coarse common-place look of anger.

Ful. Haller, my good friend, be temperate. Mr. Secretary, have you ascertained the exact amount of our truly splendid entertainment?

Sec. Gentlemen, we—

Editors. “We,” Mr. Secretary.

Sec. (Blushing.) That is, I, gentlemen, have received an exorbitant account for laying on pipes to Pison, Gehon, Perath, and Hiddekel; but, gentlemen, I am alarmed to tell you, I have discovered that the waters palmed upon you as the tides of Paradise, were furnished by the Chelsea Water Company, which, gentlemen, you recollect, supplies London with Thames water.

Vyse. Impostor! we must prosecute the fellow:—but ’tis impossible, the water was delicious.

Ful. Oh! the pleasures of fancy!

Dal. Poor Vyse! poor Sforza! what will he say, when he learns that he has been luxuriating in Thames slush instead of the rivers of Eden.

Vyse. Impossible! Mr. Herring, you are amusing us.

Sec. Sir, could I take the liberty?

Vyse. No, truly. Well, the least we can do is to publish the rascal’s imposition.

Dal. What, and confess your own ignorance in not detecting the impossibility of the thing he undertook to perform. For myself, I rejoice in the cheat.

Ful. And I; for the genuine waters of *Gihon et cæterorum* would have ruined us, I think; and, even now, I almost fear to ascertain the amount of our expences; they must be enormous. Vyse, the whole thing was destructively extravagant.

Dal. Mr. Secretary, you were asked the amount of our expences.

Sec. Yes, sir. As far as I can at present calculate, the expences amount to the sum of only £95,439. 7s. and—

Vyse. Never mind the minutias. How peculiarly moderate.

Dal. Only £95,439 for one dinner! it cries shame upon us, gentlemen; while millions of our fellow creatures are in want of food, to lavish so many thousands of pounds upon a single repast! I never did agree to the affair at all.

Vyse. This is ever the way: why did you not make your objections at the time? why, having partaken of the entertainment, now abuse it.

Ful. I certainly was an advocate for assembling our numerous friends to a dinner, as the only way in which we could, with propriety and delicacy, express our sense of the estimation in which we hold them;—but—but at such exorbitant cost.

Dal. Like other concerns we shall become bankrupt through extravagance. How often have we deprecated the system now prevalent among vestries and public companies, of feasting away their resources. Gentlemen, I do not hesitate saying, that had any tavern union society wasted its funds in one evening’s amusement, we, as Censors, would have severely expatiated upon the folly, the madness, the criminality of their conduct. What shall we say to ourselves?

Sec. (Rising.) Gentlemen, I feel myself—

Ful. Herring, sit down.

Sec. Nay, but, gentlemen, I am implicated—

Vyse. Herring, you forget yourself.

Sec. Gentlemen, I will speak; my honour is—

Dal. Nothing to us, Mr. Herring. Don't be impertinent; leave the room.

Ful. Nay, Mr. Herring, sit down; but be silent. Secretaries should never transgress their situations: answer our questions; but never presume to give an opinion.

Sec. (*Resuming his chair.*) Gentlemen, I sit corrected.

Vyse. (*Rising.*) Messrs. Dalrymple and Fuller, as the conduct of this proceeding was entrusted to my acknowledged experience in matters of refinement and elegance, all imputation of extravagance must be levelled at me. Gentlemen, it was unanimously resolved—I say, *unanimously*, Mr. Dalrymple—that “*the whole profits*” of the work should be devoted to this occasion. Have I exceeded *the whole profits*? Gentlemen, I have not; the profits of the work up to the 1st of December had netted a leash of plums. Conceive, then, gentlemen, how my “busy brain” must have tormented itself in devising extravagancies to such an amount; and had it not been for the chaste, clever, and originally fanciful idea of cooling the atmosphere of our hall with the actual waters of Eden, I must have failed, notwithstanding all my efforts, in applying the whole of the profits, according to our resolution, and Bertie Vyse would be with justice accused of sterility of magnificence and poverty of expenditure. I challenge either of you to disburse so vast a sum upon so limited a space. But for the distressing imposition of the engineer, the expences would have amounted precisely to the sum in hand; yet, gentlemen, every shilling was laid out by contracts of a most reasonable nature: in fact, without vanity, I can affirm that there is no other man breathing who could achieve the thing with one-third the funds, without compromising his character for liberality and gentlemanly propriety. Gentlemen, I sit down acquitted.

Ful. Had we any idea that the profits were so enormous, we should certainly not have voted the whole of them to this one occasion: however, Haller, since we are not losers by our extravagance, we must not complain;—besides, the thing really has astounded the public.

Dal. You are mistaken; it is ridiculed and disbelieved: it was, in truth, a *dreamy* affair, and every body treats it as such. To have suited the comprehension of the herd, it should have been a matter-of-fact regalement off beef-steaks and porter.

Ful. You are too severe. [*Insinuating knock heard.*]

Vyse. What a remarkably musical knock: there is but one person, besides myself, could achieve it: it must be Sforza.

Enter SERVANT, who gives card to Dalrymple.

Dal. 'Tis Sforza.

Vyse. Admit him instantly. (*Exit Servant.*) Now Haller

and Granville, my dear fellows, partake of my generous sympathy for our friends Sforza's delicacy of nerve; do not mention a syllable about the aquatic imposition. Verbum sat. My dear friend.

Enter SFORZA.

Sforza. My beloved ally. (*Embracing Vyse.*) Granville, Haller, your slave. (*Nods graciously to Secretary.*)

Vyse. Herring—Sforza, pray be couched.

Sforza. Can't stay one moment. Have just taken a bath of Perath: sweet tide it quite enlivens my brain! (*Gives paper to Dalrymple.*) Some verses of a dear friend of mine, they are delightful, and must be inserted.

Dal. Yes, they are indeed beautiful; (*reading*) "T. M."

Ful. Mr. Secretary, read them. (*Secretary reads.*)

Clara's Address to her Absent Lover.

Long time has fled, my only dear,
Since Clara, almost broken-hearted,
Clung to thy bosom still to hear
Thee say once more, before we parted,
"I love thee."

But *then* the tears I strove to check
Were dried off by thy burning kiss,
And smiles upon my blanched cheek
Were kindled by those words of bliss,
"I love thee."

I sorely wept—yet how gladly
That sorrow would I *now* restore;
I feel so very lonely, sadly,
To hear thy voice exclaim no more,
"I love thee."

Couldst thou but know how I have sat,
In silence never, never broken,
Still listening, still desolate,
Till memory has scarcely spoken,
"I love thee."

Oh! did'st thou dream how more than sweet
My bosom holds these words of light,
Thou ever wouldst when nigh repeat,
And absent every moment write,
"I love thee."

Often I seek that once bright bower,
Though faded not less lovely now,
And there reflect on many an hour
When I have heard thee fondly vow,
"I love thee."

I wander when the moon is bright,
 And cheat my weeping mind to hear
 Thee still exclaim, as by her light
 I've witnessed thee so often swear,
“ *I love thee.*”

But oftenest seek that blissful grove,
 Where, folded to thy throbbing breast,
 I felt thy first dear kiss of love—
 And first thou saidst, while I confessed,
“ *I love thee.*”

Yet, when I saw the flowers fade,
 I thought thy love might *too* decay;
 Or feared mine own poor charms decayed,
 While brighter forms lur'd thee to say,
“ *I love thee.*”

Forgive me, love;—but left so long,
 And not to doubt, I'm far too fond—
 Oh! tell me, dearest, that I'm wrong—
 Revile me;—yet, oh! once respond,
“ *I love thee.*”

Then, Albert, for thy Clara's sake,
 If still as ever dearly thine,
 Oh, fly to me—or only take
 Thy pen, and write this one dear line,
“ *I love thee.*”

T. M.

Dal. T. M.! Who is it? Thomas Moore! I said we should get him at last. He knows us.

Sforza. I can say nothing (*smiling.*)

Vyse. Are we to be favoured by any production of your own poetical pen.

Sforza. My friend's, Vyse! you forget my friend's; should like to give his verses a fair chance. Couldn't think of eclipsing my friend: however, in the absence of my own superior effusions, I don't know any one's that can ornament your pages so well as my friend Tom M—I mean T. M.'s.

Vyse. By the way, our last number, to say the truth, owing to my indisposition, and your lamentable absence from town was very indifferent.

Dal. Really, you have a good opinion of yourself. However, I'll confess, the number certainly was in need of a verse or two from our friend *Sforza's* pen. I wish you had sent us these lines of T. M.'s.

Sforza. Well, my dear fellow, must drag myself away; am expected at Parnassus. Can I take you in my chariot?

Vyse. You are very good; but we purpose respectively sedaning it. Adieu.

(*Sedans enter, and bear away the Editors.*)

Hatem, the Arabian.

A TALE, BY SFORZA.

(Concluded.)

Darkness hung over Araby: all was silent in the camp of the Bedoueens, and the robbers slumbered in repose; the bells of the browsing camels had ceased to tinkle, and the steeds were lying dormant at the foot of their riders' tents. It was a lowering night, but the moon was at intervals uninterrupted by a cloud;—its ray rested full on the face of Hatem, and the rising wind shook his mantle as he slept: for the breezes in a torrid clime are refreshing, and the curtains of his Ilhyma¹ had been drawn aside to admit them; and well was it that they had, for with the chillness of the breeze, and the sudden gleam of brilliance that fell on his cheek, he awoke. The first object that met his eye was the agitated plume on the top of his tent, waving its black ostrich feathers over the radiated features of his countenance, as if in displeasure at its seeming smile; and as he heard its rustling amid the stillness of the night, and beheld its darkness amid the transient brightness of the air, he almost believed that some spirit of evil was in reality frowning on his prostrate form. Scarce had this fancy struck him, when the cry of "Bismillah"² burst upon his ear, and in an instant the trampling of the Moslem's step was heard round every tent; the flash of a sabre gleamed over the head of Hatem, in an instant he sprang from the ground, and wresting the weapon from its owner's hand, laid him dead at his feet. By this time all was in commotion—the Bedoueens rallying from their sleep, and the steeds, wild and terrified, galloping about, and throwing both sides into confusion; the wind, which had been gradually increasing, now blew like a hurricane, and tearing up the habitations of the Arabs, kept continually falling on the opposing combatants. Hatem in vain endeavoured to cut a passage through his foes—the hand of treachery had pointed him out, and his destruction appeared inevitable to all but himself; yet the thickest of the fight was not with him, the tent of Zadora was the scene of a still deadlier carnage. Hatem, with the madness of a maniac, beheld her danger, and in the first impulse of his fury to rescue her, he was struck to the earth; again he rose, and in a few moments he was by Zadora's side—but individual courage is soon overpowered by numbers!—for a time the gigantic strength of his dauntless arm defied all the efforts of his assailants to secure her, but she was at length torn from his grasp.—the desperate struggles he had made in her defence paralyzed all his efforts to regain her, and he was compelled to leave her to the possession of the merciless arm that now encircled her waist. Zadora had just sense enough left to perceive that she was the captive of Amrou, who bore her through a turbaned mass of infidels into the presence of Mahomet. Distracted by the terror of her situation, she had forgot the disorder of her dress, till reminded of it by the licentious

eye of Amrou; when drawing her hands across a bosom she would have blushed to expose even to the timid eye of the young gazelle, with a look whose modest pleading would have gone direct to the feelings of any heart but his, she supplicated for that respect which nature almost teaches us to feel towards her sex; but when she saw the brutal gaze and heard the savage laugh with which he answered her appeal, with that sudden inspiration which indignation lends the weak, and prompts the mildest to revenge, she snatched the dirk that hung beneath his girdle, and plunged it in the ruffian's heart,—and ere she had hid her beautiful bosom from view, her cowardly persecutor was no more.

In the explanation of the tale as it proceeds, it may be as well to observe, that, in a moment of rashness, Hatem had promised to Amrou the hand of Zadora as a reward for the capture of Mahomet; and it was the recollection of this that so completely overpowered him at the intelligence of his seizure, and instead of renewing tended only to paralyze his revenge. Amrou discerned the cause of this, and feeling that it would prevent him from obtaining the object of his desires, put into practice the treachery that ended in his own destruction. But Zadora had eluded the tiger's grasp only to fall into the jaws of the serpent; Mahomet had often sought the possession of her person, but had ever been baffled until now. "Thou art a saintly heroine," cried he, as he took the fatal weapon from her hand, "and beautiful as brave; thou shalt go with me to Medina, with *me*, Mahomet!" "Then heaven preserve me!" ejaculated his victim, and she clasped her hands as if she was about to pray. "No! impostor! I will not go with thee!—by these bloody hands which still have strength to defy thee, I will not follow thee. What, force me from my home, my liberty, my——Mahomet! I kneel to thee for mercy! by all that should be noble in your nature, by your hopes of welfare here and happiness hereafter, spare me! leave me free and spotless as you found me! by the Almighty Creator I implore thee! Nay then, if thou shudderest not at the mention of God, thou shalt at that of man,—tremble, monster, whilst I invoke thee by this earthly name—by Hatem?" Her intreaties and threats were alike in vain. "Away with her," cried the prophet; "she is a lovely raver, or I might be somewhat chafed. Away with her—on—to Medina!"

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Years passed on, and left Zadora still in Mahomet's grasp; he had changed his residence from Medina to Mecca, and was now established in the plenitude and height of his ambition. The comrades of the Bedouenean seik, had been at various times so dispersed, dispirited, and destroyed, that but few remained, if they had had the power to cut a passage through their desert mountains to the prophet's throne;—these few were one day left without their wonted chieftain—Hatem was on his way to Mecca, thoughtful, gloomy, and alone.

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“How beautiful are the silver waters and the glittering palaces!—the umbrage of the palm trees how inviting!—how delicious the scent of the orange groves! Oh, memory, with all thy blissful scenes, can’st thou conjure up a paradise like this? Heaven, kind benignant heaven, is smiling upon all things—even on the bloody and unholy crescent. Oh, strange that man should keep so fiendlike, and nature still so lovely—that his heart should be a hell, whilst his dwelling seems an Eden!” such were the words that fell on the ear of Hatem, as by the radiance of a midnight moon he entered the sacred city of Mecca. “And here,” continued the voice, “amid these balmy scenes of odour and of light, the tyrant preys upon his victims!” “Ah,” cried Hatem, “who talks of victims yet will not avenge them—who art thou? by thy garb a Mussulman.” “My garb belies me,” replied the stranger, “I am no Mussulman! behold in me the monk Sergius,³ the fabricator of the Koran: start not, though I have wielded an apostate pen, I wear no recreant heart. I am a Christian; yet did I compose that code which has turned so many from the worship of the cross; in the preservation of my life, I swore to Mahomet never to reveal this; for the sake of posterity I break that oath;—I publish it to the world—I tell them that Mahomet is a false prophet, that his creed is a fiction, and himself an impostor!” “Hypocrite!” cried Hatem, “but tell me, Sergius, are we near the tyrant’s palace?” “Too near for mercy did he suspect our converse, it stands before us; yonder is the prophet’s harem.” Hatem shook convulsively—“Are all *willing* inmates of that splendid prison.” “Alas, (too well deluded) they are—all.” “Then I am desolate indeed; and my poor Zadora—” “Lives,” interrupted the monk, “is safe and pure, and shall be so while Sergius is her protector; look up, Hatem, dost thou not see between the foliage of these radiant trees, two glistening eyes and a pale arm gleaming in the moonlight, and, resting upon that arm, a paler cheek? dost thou not know it?” “Oh, God!” cried Hatem, hiding his face in his hands for an instant, “it is not Zadora that I look upon, it is a spirit;—nay, ’tis herself. Listen—she sings.”

Softly over Araby
Steals the dewy night,
Hill and valley, stream and sea,
All are still and bright;
And, but for the thought of thee,
All would be delight.

Art thou one of woes or fears,
Thus to sigh and start?
Lie the hopes of vanished years
Dead upon thy heart?
Oh, by all thy name endears,
Tell me what thou art?

Think not of the gilded dome,
 Once thy canopy,
 Here thy mind and step may roam,
 Fetterless and free;
 And whene'er thou needs't a home,
 One I'll make for thee!

Hatem listened:—for awhile the dying song trembled in the faithful arms of echo, and then on the bosom of the air fell away to sleep for ever. Sergius was gone—there was a rustling among the leaves—a start—a sob—and Zadora sprang into Hatem's arms. Oh, that Elysian burst!—when in the cold and desolate world, after years of grief and absence, fond hearts suddenly meet—it is not the heart's, 'tis the soul's extacy! “But whence came that arrow? Fly, Hatem, fly! we are discovered. Along that terrace you may yet escape.” There was no time for words—Hatem, with Zadora in his grasp, hurried through the avenue which Sergius had pointed out; he reaches the terrace—how shall he descend? a dangerous height is between him and the ground, and his pursuers are at hand. Reflection would have been destruction: in the frenzy of the instant he drops Zadora from the wall, and leaps down after her prostrate form;—he raises her up, she is bleeding—smiles—strives to speak—and falls upon his shoulder—dead!

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Lights and spears were flashing before Mahomet's throne, when Hatem suddenly rushed into his presence, with Zadora in his arms. “Maniac,” cried the terrified impostor, “what have I to do with that corpse; take it from my sight—'tis an infidel's!” “Thou liest, fiend!” replied Hatem, “'tis an angel's—'tis Zadora's; and I am Hatem, a Christian and thy foe!” At this avowal, he received the points of a hundred spears, and, with Zadora in his grasp, fell bleeding to the earth. “I thank ye, murderers! ye have set me free! I shall soon be with my Zadora!” “What!” vociferated the prophet, “where then dost thou think that impious unbeliever—she who dared to spurn Mahomet's law—has gone?” “Where? impostor where *thou* wilt never meet her!” Hatem turned his eye from heaven to Zadora, and whilst gazing fondly on the corpse that lay in his embrace, became a corpse himself; the eternal slumber was on them both, and they sank on their pillow together, shrouded in each others arms.

SFORZA.

¹ The tent of a Bedouenean chieftain was called his *Ilhyma*, and was always distinguished from others by a plume of black ostrich feathers on the top of it.

² “*Bismillah*” is an exclamation peculiar to the Mussulmen.

³ Sergius, a Christian monk, whom Gibbon speaks of as the supposed author of the Koran. Mahomet was too illiterate to have composed it himself.

Impromptu.

—— Animum CENSORIS honesti. Hor. ep. 2.

The "March of Intellect," they say,
Of dunces maketh men, sir;
I've found a short—but certain—way,
My *march* is—read THE CENSOR!

"The study of mankind is man,"
Each medium *rare*, or *denser*—
The measure of his depth to scan—
My *counsel*—read THE CENSOR!

Suited to microscopic eyes—
Each *focus* to its *lens*, sir;
Howe'er concealed, no lurking Vice
Shall e'er escape—THE CENSOR!

To worth our willing tribute flows,
But dragged from out their den, sir;
Corruption—Vice—and Virtue's foes,
Are quarry for—THE CENSOR!

For these be times that need the lash—
Stern truths, and sharpened pen, sir;
That Vice may dread the withering flash—
The lightning of—THE CENSOR!

All have their sorrows, great and small,
And I, like other men, sir,
Have mine, but—when they keenest gall,
I check them with—THE CENSOR!

On, on! like pilots point the way!
Instructing fellow men, sir;
And if—in *spite of you*—*they stray*,
Their conscience be THE CENSOR!

... But stop—here comes the wished supply—
My secretary, Spencer,
This moment spreads before my eye
Fresh numbers of THE CENSOR.

MARIUS.

Chester Meeting.

It is not customary with us to trouble ourselves, or our readers, with discussions on public questions, and particularly one which the Premier recommends to be "buried in oblivion;" but in our office of Censor, we feel ourselves called upon to expose the folly of the late ridiculous proceedings at Chester. It appears that a meeting was held at Knutsford for the purpose of petitioning the king and parliament, against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics, which meeting was called for those only who were favourable to such petitions.

Sir H. Mainwaring Mainwaring is reported to have confessed his inability to perform the duties of chairman, (why did he undertake them?) and proposed, though the room was not more than half full, an adjournment to the space in front of the Sessions House, urging, (we suppose by way of accounting for a proposition so absurd) that the *steps would be a fine situation for the display of their oratorical powers!!!* The assembly then hurried from the Sessions House to the space before it, but finding their numbers much fewer than they had anticipated, under the pretence of *feeling cold*, returned to the room they had previously occupied.

Then commenced the speechifying—*the display of their oratorical powers!*

Sir H. M. Mainwaring said, that it behoved protestants to support the *constitution—the best constitution in the world*. Then there was, of course, loud cheering. The worthy baronet concluded by repeating, with a slight variation in the phraseology, what he had before stated, and ingeniously ended with the old clap-trap, “the English constitution,” and sat down amidst thunders of applause.

A silence ensued, and the meeting would, probably, have terminated here, no one seeming inclined to speak, had not Sir H. M. M. hit upon an expedient to keep it up, by making an observation to the effect that Sir Philip Egerton looked as if he had something to say. Sir Philip was, of course, under the necessity of rising, and he *modestly* remarked, that no consideration would have induced him to come forward, but that *he felt the church was in jeopardy*. The volunteer champion of the church then read a petition copied out in a neat lawyer's clerk-like hand, which was received with as much applause and noise as the meeting could succeed in making. Mr. Henry Calverly Cotton, said something about church and state, and observed, “We have an excellent king; we have a king who *considers the good of his subjects day and night*.” Now we are fully aware of the goodness of his Majesty, but we certainly doubt, whether, when he is snug in bed at Windsor, he employs himself in the manner suggested by Mr. Cotton; unless the royal *dreams* are a series of considerations for the good of the people of England. Much more nonsense followed, but the climax of the day was the speech of a Mr. *Folliot*. He actually said, that it gave him pleasure to see *the men of Cheshire—the pride of mankind*—assembled to preserve their glorious constitution. Ought not this man to be indicted for a libel on the rest of the whole human race? The only sensible remark that fell from his lips, during the quarter of an hour he was permitted to remain on his legs, was an observation that, “as a good dinner was better than a bad speech, he would detain the meeting no longer. At this the company departed, perhaps to go to their *good dinners*, and the appearance of some of them strongly justified a supposition that they possessed devouring appetites, and were more inclined to *feasting* than *fasting*. We ourselves prefer *feasts* to *fasts*.

Ode to Silence.

Far in the ruins of a Gothic hall,
 Where gloomy spectres oft are said to haunt,
 And whispering gales come moaning through the stones
 And mouldering walls, doth solemn Silence dwell.
 Oft in the watchful slumbers of the night,
 With solitude and peace she loves to roam,
 While at the voice of noisy mirth she flies
 With eager haste to some rude cavern wide,
 Or to the lonely vaults of church-yards, there
 To dwell; where death and horror hold their reign,
 With pestilential vapours hovering
 Around. She visits all: but still delights
 To be where sickness dwells; fearless of death,
 She views him call the fleeting spirit to
 Those regions blest, or to those others damn'd.
 Silence! I know thee well. Oh, leave me not;
 For in thy presence conscience chiefly rules,
 (That great interpreter of human hearts)
 Which strives so oft to make our feelings pure—
 If pure the soul of fallen man can ever be!

C. H.

Madame Vestris's Dress in Sublime and Beautiful.

We are informed by a paragraph in a recent number of the Morning Post, that the costly materials composing the dress worn by Madame Vestris in the Sublime and Beautiful, were not (*as has been rumoured*) purchased at Valotton's, but that the editor is actually *authorized* to state, that they were supplied entirely from Owen's India Warehouse, and that the dress itself was made up at the residence of Madame Vestris!!! How considerate of the individual who sacrificed his half-guinea to the making known this intelligence; and how indignant must the public feel at those who gave rise to a *rumour* calculated to mislead them on so important a subject. Oh! the utility of the Press! Were it not for that *mighty engine*, a large majority of the people of England must inevitably have been suffered to burst in agonizing ignorance of the fact, *that Madame Vestris's dress, in the Sublime and Beautiful, was purchased at Owen's and not at Valotton's.*

Dramatic Censor.

DRURY LANE.

The pantomime at this house is entitled the Queen Bee, and is, in our opinion, the worst that has been brought out for two or three seasons. The object of productions of this nature should

be something more than the display of scenery and somersets,—satire on the various follies of the day is the principal end to which they ought to be directed; but one attempt of the kind occurs throughout the whole of the pantomime, and that is an exceedingly awkward one. Four individuals are introduced, who sing badly a stupid song about making cigars; from these men being styled in the bill the Bohemian Brothers, we presume that it is intended to ridicule those surprising singers, who are daily astonishing the town, at the Argyll Rooms, by their singular talents. Any one who has heard them will immediately see the pointlessness of the attack upon them in the Drury Lane pantomime. With regard to their having been formerly makers of cigars, we have only to say, that their being able to practise that useful calling, appears to have in no way detracted from their extraordinary vocal powers; and as to their not being *original* Bohemians, it can be of no consequence to the public whether those who contribute to their amusement are Bohemian brothers or cousins *German*, or of any other country or relationship one to the other. But to the pantomime:—there is a great deal of superfluous business, and we think it would be as well if some parts were omitted, which are tedious and objectionable. Some dancing is introduced that is vulgarly offensive, even to a holiday audience. We must, however, do the proprietor the justice to say, that he appears to have spared no expence in scenery and decorations; indeed, the dioramic views by Stanfield are brilliant specimens of the perfection to which scene-painting has been brought. The changes were in general good and well executed.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday, the 5th of January, Mr. Kean appeared for the third time in the character of Virginius. This is a part which many of the diurnal critics had pronounced to be Mr. Macready's *own*; but we know of no reason, why it should be said to be the property of that gentleman merely from the circumstance of its having been unattempted by any other actor. But we had forgotten, the author of Virginius received a sum of money from Mr. Macready, for writing to suit his peculiarities, and so far he has made the character *his own*, but no farther. We do not mean to say that he has, on the whole, been surpassed, or even equalled by Mr. Kean; though in some portions of the play, such was decidedly the case. But the event has proved that the part can be performed successfully by more than Mr. Macready; and his superiority is, in our opinion, owing principally to the singularities in his style of acting, having been carefully and skilfully written up to by the author.

The scenes to which Mr. Kean gave the greatest effect, were, that in which he betroths his daughter to Icilius, and the one wherein he enters the prison of Appius. In both of these his acting was finished; in the former, touching the audience by the

affectionate reluctance with which he resigns his child to another's care, and in the latter harrowing them by the frenzy of his manner, when he clutches the tyrant who would have despoiled her of her virtue. In the rest of the tragedy we saw nothing in his performance worthy commendation; he made use of his accustomed number of unmeaning grins and two minute pauses, and he pulled about the belt of his sword as much, and struck his breast as forcibly and frequently as ever. The best sustained character in the piece was the Icilius of Mr. C. Kemble; his scenes with Virginia were acted with true tenderness, and his manner, on rushing into the forum to her protection, was heroically energetic. Warde, in Appius Claudius, had not many opportunities for display, but he made good use of those that occurred. Bartley's Siccus Dentatus was a very respectable piece of acting, but the part is entirely out of his line; the good-humoured Mr. Bartley cannot represent "a crabbed man." Miss Jarman enacted Virginia: her voice is a most invincible drawback upon her efforts; with this exception her performance was generally good.

Little Red Riding Hood is the name of the new pantomime; for the *plot* of which, we refer those of our readers who are unacquainted with it, to Mr. Harris, at the corner of St. Paul's Church Yard, where the book of the whole story, with plates, coloured and explanatory, may, we believe, be purchased for sixpence. This pantomime is certainly, in almost every respect, superior to that at the rival theatre; though Roberts's Panorama, which is the main point of attraction, will scarcely stand a comparison with that by Stanfield at Drury Lane. It is, nevertheless, a very fine series of views; and there is likewise some scenery by Grieve of a very splendid character. The tricks, though some of them old, are diverting; and the pantomimic company is perhaps the best in London.

SURREY THEATRE.

Colman's Comedy of the Heir at Law was acted here on Wednesday, the 31st of December last, Elliston sustaining his favourite character of Doctor Pangloss. The greater part of our readers have probably witnessed his admirable performance of this part; suffice it, therefore, to say, that he went through it with his accustomed excellence. Mr. W. G. Elliston (his son) made his second appearance on any stage as Dick Dowlas;—he was animated and lively; and, when he becomes used to the business of the stage, will, we have no doubt, rise to a distinguished rank in the profession, which it appears he has adopted. He was extremely well received, and deservedly applauded throughout. Mr. Williams's personation of Lord Duberly was one of considerable talent. He hit off the vulgarity of a city tallow chandler with most amusing reality. Whilst he was speaking his portion of the epilogue, when, as he says, he is "asking custom for his shop," a fellow in the gallery threw a

tallow candle upon the stage, a circumstance that caused much diversion, which was increased by Mr. Williams picking it up and, good humouredly, putting it into his pocket. We must not omit to notice Vale's Zekiel Homespun; it was a respectable assumption though somewhat out of his line. He is a good actor, and would be a greater favourite of ours than he is at present, were he to divest himself of some of his intolerable vulgarity. A Mr. Warwick, whom we remember one or two seasons since, at the Southampton and Winchester Theatres, appeared as Henry Moreland. He delivered what he had to say with tolerable propriety, but he annoyed us much by a determined omission of the letter *h*, where it ought to have been pronounced. Cicely Homespun was played by Mrs. Fitzwilliam in a manner that could have been equalled by no actress at present on the stage, always excepting the inimitable Miss Kelly; and, indeed, on the whole, the comedy was cast with a strength of company which would do credit to theatres of more pretension than the Surrey.

There has been a great deal of talent employed in the production of the pantomime at this theatre; it has been invented and written by Mr. Moncrieff, and the music is by Mr. Blewitt. The scenery is very beautifully painted, and the

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is almost as astounding as its name; which, for the benefit of that extensive portion of the public that is unacquainted with the Greek language, has been translated in the bills—a moving panorama of the present sanguinary theatre of war in the East. There is likewise a very happy hit at the system of the generalization of education which is extremely well received by the audience. The splendid manner in which the pantomime is got up, forms another proof of the unceasing liberality of the manager, which bids fair to be repaid by the crowds that are nightly attracted to the theatre.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

On Thursday, the 1st of January, was produced at this theatre a one act extravaganza, entitled *He's no Conjuror*. It is a piece of no merit, and derived the whole of its success entirely from the acting of Mathews; though even he was scarcely able to render it more than tolerable. The most amusing part of his performance was an imitation, or rather a burlesque of Mr. Kean's ridiculous grin, the trap which he sets for the applause of the vulgar and undiscerning. Mr. Wilkinson sustained a character in the piece, but he totally failed in rendering it entertaining. We were astonished at the patience displayed by the audience, for they did not once, during the progress of the piece, manifest the slightest symptom of disapprobation.

The pantomime, entitled *Harlequin and the Magic Marrow-Bone*, or *Taffy* was a Welchman, is the dullest, the most tedious, and in every respect the worst of all those that have been brought out during the present season. We could not, of course, expect

to see scenery of extraordinary splendour in so small a theatre; but we had hoped for something better than the production in question. The audience, however, received it with the accustomed forbearance which is evinced towards every thing that is presented to them at the Adelphi.

The Earthquake continues to be acted every evening. Mr. Sinclair is undoubtedly a very good singer; but his appearance totally differs from what we should imagine of Moore's Epicurean: his dress is likewise unbecoming. The music is generally good, and well sang by Miss Graddon and Sinclair; though the piece itself is like all the rest that have been brought out under the new management—trivial and trashy. An earthquake occurs in the last scene; which, with the discrimination usual to theatrical earthquakes, only swallows up just so many of the dramatis personæ, as is necessary to the correct termination of the piece. Some of the scenery is well managed, and the performers exert themselves to their utmost, but to very little purpose. The talent which the company comprises, nightly attracts a crowded house; though many, from the stupidity of the pieces, are disappointed of the treat they had anticipated.

KING'S THEATRE.

We understand that the manager is about to make engagements with some of the dancers whose services are no longer required in Paris. We give M. Laporte credit for the economy of such an arrangement, but we much doubt whether it will prove satisfactory to the frequenters of the Opera House. In our opinion, liberality is the surest way of obtaining success.

THE STEPMOTHER.

A tragedy, in five acts, under the above title has been recently published. It is the production of Mr. Jones, the author of *Longinus*, and contains some common-place, with a great deal of good language; one or two of the incidents are striking, though, on the whole, we consider it better calculated for the closet than the stage. The very great importance of the articles in our present number, and the consequent value of our space, renders it impossible for us to present our readers with a specimen of the tragedy, which we would recommend to them as being worthy of their perusal.

CRITO's Essay positively in our next.

POLLIO in an early number.

The poetry of TANGENT, &c. and others, will appear when opportunity occurs.

A complete exposé of the Select Vestry System in our next.

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